JOHNSON IS WELL TRAINED AND, WITH HIS OLD SKILL, IS ANYTHING BUT WRECK

The Champion Is a Trifle More Burly Than He Was When He Whipped Jeffries, but He Has No Paunch and Is in Fighting Condition, as He Proved by His Stiff Workouts With Several Powerful Sparring Partners.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

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T this moment the island of Cuba is the boxing centre of the universe. I came in by steamer at noon. From away out in the stream we could see that there was some sort of excitement on the wharf. A large crowd was waiting, and the crowd was moving, awaying, shifting from place to place. As the tug nosed us slowly in toward the dock the cause of all the furore became clear. At one end of the dock, towering head and shoulders above the pushing, jostling throng, stood the Camistakable figure of Jess Willard, looking more gigantic than ever in a light-gray summer suit. It was raining, but that didn't drive any one under cover as long as Willard was there to look at.

Down at the other end of the dock was another knot of excited spectators, and as we came closer still I could see the golden smile of Jack Johnson turned up toward me. Jack was neatly clad in a close-fitting brown suit, a white Panama hat, and carried an ivory-headed cane. As the steamer came to a stop three uniformed men began to close a sliding door just behind Johnson. Evidently Jack didn't want to have his retreat cut off. He reached out with one huge paw, and, grasping the edge of the door, held it open The three uniformed men turned around, indignation writ large upon them, burst into voluble Spanish, saw who was holding the door, and apologized. Johnson smiled his golden smile. Hardly had we actually stopped before Willard was on the upper deck shaking hands. Big Jess was rightly named. He looked as big as a tall pine tree. And although he owned to 240 pounds, his face was so lean and hard that his check bones stood out in relief like an Indian's. Feeling fit, Willard was, and quite anxious to have us drop in and see his training, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon

Down on the dock I found that Jack Johnson's presence was due to a deaire to extend a personal invitation of similar nature. Every one knows that Jess Willard is in shape. We've been bearing all about him from Juares. And there have been many conflicting reports about Johnson. So Johnson's camp drew my attention

Johnson Not Worrying.

All the way out in the official cat Jack Johnson joked and laughed, in the most cheerful humor in the world. He isn't worrying over anything-Dat's evident. Bob Armstrong had come down on the same boat, and Boo entertained the champion with tales of his prowess as a sailor. He had stayed in his berth all the time except when called to meals. Even seasickiess couldn't separate Bob from the rushed back to the berth to "save his meals" before "that dizzy feems"

Only waiting for Johnson to brew a off the famous golden smile broke out where the glove had just struck, where he trains at 5 o'clock in the af-

In a few minutes the champion was

Jack Johnson isn't "as good as he was in Reno."
On the other hand, he is any-



thing but a "dissipated physical wreck." Anything in the world but that.

He caries a smooth costing of fat over his body, but nothing more than must be expected on the exterior lining of a trained athlete thirty-seven years of age. He has no paunch at all. His weist is a little thicker than it used to be—nothing more than that. I doubt that this is weight he can take off. He is simply a bigger, more burly man than the magnificent, round-limbed, slimwaisted ebony giant who defeated Jeffries. His neck locks thicker and shorter. His shoulders are bigger. His arms look fully as big and as round and as pliably muscled as in the old days. George Monroe, who saw him fight Moran in Paris, at once said that Johnson looks in far better condition now than he did on that occasion.

Willard has no played-out, old-

eccasion. Willard has no played-out, oldtime gladiator to whip. That's aure. Not the man of Reno-but just as emphatically not a "dead one."

had time to overcome him. Johnson admitted that as a sailor Bob had him beaten.

The Johnson domicile is on the outskirts of Havana, in that select section known as Vedado. There he has a large house, with a kitchen that is a large house work. Johnson, standing house, with a kitchen that is a large house work. Johnson, standing house, with a kitchen that is a large house,

In a few minutes the champion was stripped for action, ready to take on any of the baif a dozen American fighters training there. His staff consisted of Colin Bell of Australia, Dave Mills, who was with him at Iteno; a youthful scrapper from the South called by the picturesque title "Steamboat Bill," and Bob Armstrong and Sam McVey—the last two acting as massage artists.

Johnson stripped. A moment later Sam McVey—the last two acting as massage artists.

Johnson stripped. A moment later he was going through a rasping three-minute session with Dave Mills, a dark-hued gent with a deadly wallog and a great anxiety to land it.

Right now, before going into detail, I'm going to correct a few mistaken impressions of Johnson's condition.

High like a flash. Mills tried left and right, crowding in hard. Johnson, grimning, said: "Now you're trying to drop that old right over." The blow came a-swishing. "There it is!" called Johnson, quick as a flash, while the glove was whizzing toward him. At the same instant he drew back just far enough to let it fly past. Two rounds later Mills landed the right again.

Two rounds later Mills landed the right again.
"That was an old-timer," laughed Johnson. Then he poised for a countering right and huckled to the bystanders: "He'll come right into it" Mills was starting another right but he lost his goat and backed away. One trick that Johnson seemed to ike was taking t dy blows. He stoor

with his stomach unprotected and catching Mills by the neck pulled him

said later. "If I drank a glass of beer they said I had a hundred. Where I bought a bundred bettles of wine I never drank more than one. I always had the glass and held it up and said 'Here's how,' but I never drank more than a small sip."

Johnson's work with Colin Bell con-Johnson's work with Calin Beil consisted of some slugging and much
wrestling about. The Australian is
a powerful fellow, pretty fast, tough,
willing and able to hit hard and
straight. He dug right into Johnson,
alamming for head or body with all
his might. Johnson watched him
closely, let him land now and then,
but for the greater part of the time

WILLARD HAS NO PLAYED-OUT, OLD-TIME GLADIATOR TO WHIP

First Sketches From Havana, Where Big Ring Battle Will Be Fought One Week from Monday



chicken, spaghetti, browned petatoes, salad, custard pudding and tea. Bob Armstrong informed me last night that one of Jack Johnson's haudmade meals was worth coming to Cuba for. I understand Armstrong ate three chickens and the champion

only two.

The big fight has this town fightmad. On every corner Cubans can
be seen squaring off at each other
and assuming Johnson and Villard poses—nearly. The principle differ-ence that I've noticed is that most of the Cubans advance the right hand.

Johnson, by the way, says that he now weighs about 288 pounds. Scales are scarce here. Two weeks ago he weighed 248. He says that he took off a lot of weight in South America without working at all owing to the intense heat.

Britton Easily **Defeats Lewis**

that he is one of the cleverest boxers could be seen to see in this country last night by administering a severe beating to Ted bout his ability to hit. He was formerly a right hand hitter, but "Kid" Lewis, the Englishman, in a ten-round bout at a show held by the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street control of the cleverest boxers to be a technical the second to get much punch behind the ball. He is as fast a teckraphy and that is his reason. catching Mills by the neck pulled him in, letting him pound hard at the uncovered indection for a full minute, and while the blows were landing with loud thuds Johnson amilably grinned around at the crowd.

"I couldn't do that if I'd been doing the driking they credit me with," he said later. "If I drank a glass of beer they said I had a hundred. Where

Knockout Brown, the local fighter, had the easiest kind of a time in outpointing Harry Smith, a Brooklyn welterweight in the windup of ten rounds at the Vanderbilt A. C. of Brooklyn last night. Brown carried the fighting to Smith in every tound and landed repeatedly on the latter's stomach with heavy left-hand tallops.

Just as you did with George Burns."

This remark brought out the information that all the Detroit players give Cobb credit for having taught Burns how te hit. It also disabused my initial of the prevailing idea among fans that Cobb is not liked personally by his teammates. They are for him, hook, line and sinker.

In the outfield the Tigers will have veach, Crawford and Cobb as usual. And that is some hitting outfield.

As to Cobb, I discovered is one day

country. This combination was to have been Burns, Young or Vitt, Bush have been Burns, Young or Vitt, Bush and Moriarty. Since it cannot be that way at the start of the season, Jennings has begun a readjustment of things without a whimper. Kavanaugh, his star at short or second, has been moved over to first base and in a practice game I saw here in in a practice game I saw here in Guifport he appears to be getting away with it. Kavanaugh lacks the finesse of Burns, however, especially in his foetwork. His absence from the other position also makes it necessary for Jennings to try out a newcomer at second. For this job he has selected "Pep" Young, who was a whirlwind at Sacramento last sum-mer, though somewhat of a deadfail while with the New York Americans awhile back. Donie Bush will play shortstop and Moriarty will start in at third base, with Vitt hovering around for a chance to take his place.

JENNINGS PUTS YOUNG IN CHARGE OF TY COBB. "I never saw a better fielder in my life than Young," said Jennings, as he came over to the side lines, where Ty Cobb was explaining the secrets of ting. Take an hour off every day and I think you can correct his faults. Do just as you did with George Burns."

The way he fights to win every-"The way he fights to win every thing he starts at," said Jennings, a deadfail action will play the starts at," said Jennings, and thing he starts at," said Jennings, and thing over there." There are two pet monkeys in the hotel grounds, and it leaves the said pet monkeys in the hotel grounds, and hovering his place.

UNG IN to sit on his shoulder. And he stayed there and did it too before he would go into dinner.

I am going to keep him this year and will try and teach him an overhand movement. If he ever gets control Boehler will be a wonder, and it is well worth holding on to him until he gets by or I am certain that he is hopeless.

In the catching staff there are Stan-

tooth and toenail over every point. At scouts this year failed to catch Leo Curricop speed they played for nearly three hours. The only thing that finally stopped them was darkness and exhaustion. And, mind you, all this before this remarkable athlete, out of training for four months, had been in camp twenty-four hours!

"Pretty hard day on my legs," he said, limping to his room, "but, say, I'll be out to that golf course at 8 o'clock in the morning, and if I don't make that last hole in six—the one I dubbed yesterday—I'll stake you to a new hat." No, I didn't get the hat.

There is more nervous energy in Ty Cobb than in a dozen ordinary athletes.

"The way he fights to win everything he starts at," said Jennings,

HEADPIN TOURNEY

there and did it too before he would go into dinner.

But getting back to that combination with which Jennings expected to win the pennant, he says the whole thing depends upon his pitching staff.

As a foundation on which to build the has Jean Dubuc, George Dauss, Harry Covaleskie, the former Giant killer; Cavet and Boehler. The first four ought to be enough to carry a team, but Jennings has picked upon his publishers. Properly a team, but Jennings has picked upon his pool youngsters in Cunningham of Duluth, Reynolds from Topoka, and Smithson.

"I don't know what to make or Boehler," admitted Jennings. "You Topoka, and Smithson.

"I don't know what to make or Boehler," admitted Jennings. "You his wildness. He has everything in the world a pitcher needs but control. I think it due to the fact that he tries and has not mastered any of them.

I am going to keep him this year and will try and teach him an overhand the same and has not mastered any of them.

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I am going to keep him this year and will try and teach him an overhand to the same transports to the same that the same final. As Bob Arnstrong has gone to Havana, Cuba. Casine 192 for 192 for

EVENING WORLD'S

"STEAMBOAT BILL".

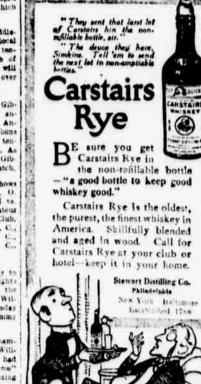
Fails to Make Ty Cobb, to Play

With Brookfed

two years.

It is almost an assured fact that Mike Gib-bons and Eddie Medoorty will book up in an-other ten-round battle in the West. Tom Anbons he will lose no time in accepting the match.

The following clubs will stage boxing shows Tom Met arty vs. Battling Levinsky, Irving A. C., Gunboat Smith vs. Jack Reed, Federal A. C., Young Brown vs. Al Thomas; Sharkey A. C., Frankie Daly vs. Young Britton.



Billiards Bowling